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Forms of Nazareth



AND THE CROSS



P O E M S
OF
N A Z A R E T H
AND
T H E C R O S S .

BY WILLIAM ALLEN, D. D.,
Author of Christian Sonnets.



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P O E M S

OF

NAZARETH AND THE CROSS.

NAZARETH.

In all the blazing stars of light
In the wide universe is found
No honored spot like that fair ground,
Where dwelt the all creative Might.

For by God's Word, blest Mary's Son,
The earth and heavenly worlds were made,
And all their wondrous forms displayed :
He only spake, and it was done !

To this low world of ours he came
The Lamb of sacrifice to be,
To save the lost from misery,
From all their sin, and guilt, and shame.

Uprising, his great work was done :
Then through all worlds of yonder sky
Was there not heard one joyous cry—
“ O'er sin CHRIST'S victory is won ! ”

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Could we but strike the fitting string
Of Gabriel's harp this joyful morn,
In which our Saviour, Christ, was born,
Our notes through heaven's high arch would ring,—

“Glory to God supreme, most high ;
Peace to earth's warring race below !
From God to men what mercies flow !”—
Such songs once filled the bright, blue sky.

For on this morn in manger laid
Was God's own Son and Mary's Son,
In brightness greater than the sun
And blazing stars, his hands had made.

Gaze, pilgrim, now upon the Cross !
There hung, while sun is veiled in night,
The sacrifice of God's delight,
Redeemer of our soul's great loss.

Though he foresaw the agony
Of every blow and nail-crushed nerve,
His steadfast spirit did not swerve :
For man's great guilt it needs must be !

But soon the grave his power doth know ;
He bursts the tomb, and wings his way
Up to his home in heaven's bright day,
Where purest joys eternal flow !

Strike, all ye angels ! Strike again,
Ye ransomed souls, your harps of gold
In praise of JESUS' love untold,
Whose death is endless life to men !

MOUNT TABOR.

God made the mountains : therefore praise
Be given to Him, whose works we see,
As on our stream and mount we gaze,
On hill and vale, on rock and tree.

Of beauteous Holyoke's range of peaks
Why is there one before the eye,
Which plainly of blest Nazareth speaks,
Where dwelt the Saviour from on high ?

Its rounded head, wood-crowned, and mien
Are like to Tabor's far-famed height,
From Nazareth by Jesus seen,
And always seen with new delight.

Shall it not bear then Tabor's name ;
And when it meets the gladdened view,
Will it not kindle up the flame
Of love to Mary's Son anew ?

JESUS ON THE CROSS.

Lo, upon the cross outstretched,
Sacrifice for sinners wretched,
 Jesus, Son of God, doth hang !
See the Saviour droop and languish,
As he dies in bitter anguish,
 While the angelic host thus sang—

“ Glory to our God be given
By the blessed ones in heaven
 For his love to man below !
Streams of grateful song and praises,
Like the light, which e’er outblazes,
 Ceaseless shall to Christ outflow !”

Sure we are the face of Jesus
Glad to see, as he sees us,
 When the rising day shall come ;
Mary’s Son to us descending,
We with Him to Heaven ascending
 To our high, eternal home !

JESUS' LOVE.

Jesus, unchanging friend,
 How much he loves !
His grace no time shall end,
 How much he loves !
From heaven to earth came down ;
Divested of his crown,
He makes our woes his own,
 How much he loves !

He bears upon the tree,
 How much he loves !
Its torturing infamy,
 How much he loves !
By blood for sin to atone,
Though he himself God's Son,—
In counsel they but one,—
 How much he loves !

Fear not death's transient throes,
 How much he loves !
From dead man's tomb he rose !
 How much he loves !
The first-born from death's night,
He comes in glorious might
To be his friends' delight ;
 How much he loves !

CHRIST'S LOVE.

Blest JESUS, God's own Son,
The sharer of his glory, image bright,
His agent in all works his hands have done,
Jehovah's heart's delight,

Why to the earth came He,
Leaving high heav'n, in this dark world to dwell,
Man's form to take with taste of misery
His low tabernacle ?

'Twas love ! and love alone,
That changed his wealth to such amazing loss,
By his own blood for sin of man to atone,
Dying upon the Cross.

Such love was ne'er before
In the wide universe of worlds made known :
For this the Son, the Saviour, we adore,
And God upon his throne.

The dead now lives again,
And rises to the heaven, his glorious home,
Whence he, the victim for our sins once slain,
The Judge of men will come !

His doom each man must meet :
The righteous in new bodies, like his bright,
He now will lead to his own blessed seat
In heaven's eternal light !

LOVE TO JESUS.

Jesus, when we read thy story,—
“Low descending from thy glory
As God’s Son in heaven above,
In man’s flesh to live a mortal,
On the cross to find death’s portal
In thy wondrousness of love,”—

(Furthermore the truth’s narration—)
“Life to give and soul’s salvation,
Endless life with thee on high,”—
Oh what gratitude now moves us!
Oh what grace, that now approves us,
As thy followers to the sky!

Not a fable this of dreamer!
’Tis thy truth, O blest Redeemer!
Thee we worship as our King!
Thee we praise with love e’er growing;
And while cycles still are flowing,
Songs of thee in heaven we’ll sing!

THE SORROWS OF MARY.

O how sad and how afflicted
She, of whom it was predicted,
“All man’s race shall call thee blest!”
Sees she not her Son engored—
Though God’s Son to be adored—
By death’s agonies oppressed?

Was she not most deeply groaning,
Was she not most wildly moaning,
On the Cross as Jesus hung?
All her tears and sighs now failing,
Prayers and cries all unavailing,
Was her heart with anguish wrung.

Let thy Cross, O blest Redeemer,—
Not a lie of wildered schemer,
Be my hope in death's dark hour.
Give me, Lord, thy glorious feature,
When the trump wakes every creature,
Saved by thee forevermore.

On this scene did Gabriel ponder,
His whole soul struck down with wonder?
Who is He, that bears this woe?
Is this He, God's Son from heaven,
Holiest hands with nails all riven,
How came He such pain to know?

Thanks and honor, glory, blessing,
Ceaseless praise to Christ addressing,
Who for us left God's own skies.
When to life by thee restored,
Jesus, Son of God, adored,
We shall dwell in paradise.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

Oh what love to thee is owing
For thy mercy overflowing,

To thee, Jesus ! now on high ?
By thy blood, for us now pleading,
By thy prayer, now interceding,
Thee we'll love eternally !

Oh what blessedness is given
To poor sinners raised to heaven ;
Oh what raptures of the soul !
Nought shall men redeemed dis sever
From their Saviour : never ! never !
While unceasing ages roll !

Near thy brightness, as it blazes,
We on high shall sing thy praises,
Filled with wonders of thy love :
Thou art Zion's king victorious,
And thou wilt hold thy throne most glorious,
God's own Son in heaven above !

JESUS OUR KING.

Who is the purest Light ?
Jesus our King.
Who is the Truth most bright ?
Jesus our King.
He is to Life the Way,
That never leads astray,
Life of our souls away,
Jesus our King.

Of Mary blest was born
 Jesus our King,
To save a world forlorn,
 Jesus our King.
God's Son from heaven on high
Came down on earth to die,
Our sacrifice to be,
 Jesus our King !

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

The glorious PRINCE OF PEACE
Makes raging wars to cease
Through all the circuit of our earthly round ;
 He snaps the bended bow,
 And cuts each spear in two,
And quells the brazen trumpet's fearful sound ;
He burns up in the fire each chariot wheel,
And every sword is chang'd to plowshare's gleam-
 ing steel !

Now fade away from sight
Squadrons in armor bright,
The harvest field no more to trample down ;
 Fled is the chief of pride,
 For whom ten thousand died,
In the fierce shock of battle overthrown ;—
And ne'er again shall conqueror build his fame
Of bones of slaughtered men, a tower of guilt and
 shame.

But men, with hearts of love,
Enkindled from above,
From every earthly tribe each other greet,
And 'neath the calm, blue sky—
God's Crystal Palace high—
Hold joyful, undisturbed communion sweet ;—
Their good deeds, beautiful and matchless bright,
All spread around and gladdening to the gazer's sight.

And then one song they raise,
A song of rapturous praise
To Christ, the victor o'er all crime and woe ;—
' To Him, who by his blood
Redeem'd us to our God,
And all his wondrous love hath made us know,
Be honor, power, majestic glory given,
While firm fore'er shall stand the pillared arch of
heaven ! '

CHRIST'S LOVE TO MAN.

In foresight of his Cross of woe
Christ to his Father's will bowed low,
Such love was never seen again—
Love of the Lamb, for us once slain.

The Son of God came down to save
From sin and from a hopeless grave,—
To bring immortal life to light,
And cheer us with glad hopes most bright.

The heart depraved the Spirit's power
Renews, transforms in chosen hour ;
Else must the sinner meet his fate,—
All hope of man most desolate.

THE CROSS BEYOND VALUE.

Paul deemed all gold but worthless dross,
Compared with treasures of the cross,
And all philosophy but dreaming,
When dwelt he on the Love Redeeming—

The love of him, whose earthly home
Was Nazareth in Mary's dome,
Who on the Cross outpoured his blood,
For sin a sacrifice to God.

For him was Paul prepared to die,
Assured to meet him in the sky,
When rising from his narrow bed
With the glad company of dead ;—
Whose triumph o'er his foes is sure ;
Whose name forever shall endure.

SONG TO CHRIST.

God's Son, at his right hand enthroned,
By angel powers unparagoned,
Thee we adore, thy praises sing,
Jesus, our Saviour and our King!

Didst thou not come from heaven above
To dwell with man in wondrous love,
Thy blood upon the Cross to shed,
And quicken into life the dead?

Help us, O Lord, thy gospel's light
To send to men in sin's dark night,
That they with us may find the way
To mansions of eternal day,—

With angels and thy blood-bought throng
To join in sweetest, rapturous song
Of God supreme upon the throne,
And Thee, his image and his Son!

GOOD FRIDAY.

In this wide universe did e'er
Such wondrous love divine appear,
As when from Jesus' lips we hear,
“Not my own will but Thine be done!”

In view of all His agonies,
When for man's guilt a sacrifice,
'Tis thus to God our Saviour cries—
“Not my own will but Thine be done !”

We need God's chastening hand alway ;
Then let us learn from Christ to pray :
In Christ's own words shall we not say,
“Not my own will but Thine be done !”

If here my last of time is nigh,
And, life though dear, I soon must die,
O God, enable me to cry—
“Not my own will but Thine be done !”

JESUS THE WAY.

I am God's chosen way,
Saith Mary's Son,
Which never leads astray,
Saith Mary's Son :
The Way to Life above,
Where all is peace and love
From which no footsteps rove,
Says Mary's Son.

Hear ye the Saviour's voice—

“I am the way !”

Make me your soul's glad choice :

“I am the Way”—

To where my friends will come,

Whence never one will roam,

From God's most glorious dome :

“I am the Way.”

“I am the Way,”

The Way to heaven most sure,

The light most bright and pure,

The Life for aye to endure :

“I am the Way.”

JESUS IS TRUTH.

Shines forth the sun most bright ?

Jesus is Truth,—

A far more glorious light ;

Jesus is Truth.

There's not one blazing star

Among the hosts afar

With Jesus can compare :

Jesus is Truth :

Pure light from God on high,
 Jesus is Truth ;
Light for man's heart, not eye—
 Jesus is Truth ;
Light for the darkened mind,
Light to the wandering blind,
Imparting joys refined—
 Jesus is Truth.

Then spread the Truth abroad—
 Jesus is Truth.
'Twill bring this world to God,
 Jesus is Truth,
From right no more to rove,
And fill all souls with love,
And lift to heaven above ;—
 Jesus is Truth.

CHRIST THE LIFE.

'Tis God's own Son, who says,
 "I am the Life,"
Author of suns, that blaze,
 "I am the Life."
To all of us, who live,
Doth he our being give :
Then we his word receive,—
 "I am the Life."

Would we not live once more ?
 " Christ is the Life."
When this our race is o'er,
 " Christ is the Life."
We say indeed we die :
In dust our bodies lie—
Away our spirits fly—
 " Christ is the Life."

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

John 14 : 6.

Seek ye heaven's path most bright ?
 Christ is the Way,
That ever guides aright ;—
 Christ is the Way.
'Tis Jesus' blood alone,
God's dear and first-born Son,
For sin could e'er atone :
 Christ is the Way.

The words divine are true,
 Christ is the Truth :
Such words the earth ne'er knew,
 Christ is the Truth.
The nourishment of mind,
Full fount of joy refined,
As light to men born blind,
 Christ is the Truth.

By him were all things made ;
 Christ is the Life.
In beauteous forms arrayed,
 Christ is the Life—
His creatures own his power ;
By him sustained each hour,
By him forevermore ;
 Christ is the Life.

JESUS IS LIGHT.

The world's great light, God's Son—
 Jesus is Light—
Came from his heavenly throne,
 Jesus is Light ;
To this dark world he came,
To save men from their shame—
Blest ever be his name !—
 Jesus is Light.

What brought him from above,—
 Jesus is Light—
But pity, mercy, love ?
 Jesus is Light :
Upon the Cross to die,
Men's sacrifice to be,
To raise them to the sky ?
 Jesus is Light.

The truth then quick make known,
 Jesus is Light ;
All errors thus o'erthrown,
 Jesus is Light—
The earth will shout for joy ;
The saved will sing on high
In strains, that never die,
 Jesus is Light !

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

How he was led to the Cross.

Till hard affliction gave the blow,
I did not my Redeemer know ;
But when my Willie he struck down,
My soul he took as all his own ;
Then soon my heart's unmeasured loss
Led me to wonders of the Cross :
Henceforth I'll live for Christ, who died,
Henceforth to earth be crucified !

SEVEN SHORT LESSONS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

I.

As JESUS by his Cross doth save,
He rising triumphs o'er the grave.

II.

Have faith in JESUS and his Cross,
So shall no wind you "drive and toss."

III.

Shall we not deem all gold but dross,
Compared with JESUS on the CROSS?

IV.

"If ye for me shall take your CROSS,
Fear not," saith Jesus, "any loss."

V.

As JESUS, when but 12 years old,
Was in his Father's service bold,
So take your CROSS in early youth,
And stand up bravely for the truth.

VI.

Is JESUS on the Cross our hope?
Then dying he to us will ope
The glories of his promised heaven,
To all his friends, believers, given.

VII.

Beyond each star of the dark night,
Is not the CROSS of JESUS bright,
Outpouring on the darkest mind
Splendors of truth and joys refined?

"THE LORD OF ALL."

(Acts 10: 36.)

All hail the name of Zion's King !
Angels adoring fall :
God's royal gift to Christ they bring,
And crown him " Lord of All."

Whose voice but his all worlds of light
Did into being call ?
Then sure, O sun, and stars of night,
Ye crown him " Lord of All !"

Sinners redeemed, whose erring feet
His words from death recall,
Extol their Saviour, hail and greet,
And crown him " Lord of All !"

Soon every tribe, which here may be
On this wide earthly ball,
To him shall give all majesty,
And crown him " Lord of All !"

O that with all heaven's blood-bought throng
We at his feet may fall ;
There join the rapt and endless song,
And crown him " Lord of All !"

THE CHRISTIAN'S HAPPINESS.

Such peace, and hope, and joys I know,—
Though mingled with a sigh,—
'Tis good, I say, to live below ;
Yet better far to die.

Then shall I join heaven's countless throng,
All ransomed ones above,
And sing with them the rapturous song
In praise of JESUS' love !

THE HOPE OF SALVATION.

Does our hope on merit rest ?
Ah for human pride unblest !
Our best actions have a stain ;
All self-righteousness is vain.
In redeeming blood us lave ;
Pity us, O God, and save !

CHRIST ON HIS THRONE.

Can we sinners, thankless be
For this Gospel Mystery,
While angelic hosts bow down,
Praising Christ, who wears a crown,
Raised from death to heaven on high,
There to reign eternally ?

He, who hung a sacrifice,
Now bears sway in yonder skies ;—
Such reward to God's own Son,
Such the glory he hath won !
All your trust in Him then place,
In his wisdom, might, and grace.

ZION'S TRIUMPH.

Soon give the kingdom to thy Son ;
Soon through the earth thy will be done,
As now by angel hosts above,
O thou, the God of grace and love !

Let Truth, the orb of holy light,
Break on the earth's thick error's night ;
Then shall each waste beneath the skies
Be changed to joyous paradise.

From hatred, sin, war, misery,
Soon shall the Gospel set men free ;
Then shall all Tribes, north, south, east, west
Lift up one shout, JESUS, BE BLESSED !

TRUTH.

Fear not for Truth ! Though foes assail,
Whims, theories, schemes, dreams, and lies :
The blow, she strikes, shall never fail,
And smitten error sinks and dies.

Fear not for Truth ; her armor strong,
And quickly scattering every foe ;
And soon shall Zion lift her song
For error's fated overthrow !

What are the visions, theories,
That lead the stupid dupes astray,
But cobwebs, that the spider plies,
Which touch of Truth shall brush away ?

As spiders from their bowels spin
The webs they form of slender thread,
So from their brains their schemings thin
The flimsy errorists outspread.

A single breath from Word divine
Shall blow away these thinnest lies,—
Whose holy work is this, but thine
To speak the Truth, when error dies.

FOUR SCORE YEARS TO THREE SCORE YEARS
AND TEN. (Nov 3, 1864.)

Thy years three-score and ten this day !
Thy youthful, poet-prophet's word
Of TRUTH's great conflict made display,
By which the soldier's soul is stirred.

“ TRUTH, crushed to earth, shall rise again :
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.”

BRYANT'S POEMS, p. 209.

Another ten of years be thine
With His great love, who came to save,
And ceaseless joys of truth divine
To cheer thy path-way to the grave.

The hills the same to our young eyes,
The same the vales, that gave delight,—
The loved ones, passed to peaceful skies,
Shall we not join in glory bright ?

Christ is “ THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE ;”
He leads no trusting friend astray ;
His arm will end the valiant strife,
His grace give victor's crown for aye !

To WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, N. York,
From WILLIAM ALLEN, Northampton, Mass.,
both natives of Western Massachusetts. }

THE CENTURY JUBILEE

At Pontoosuck, or Pittsfield, April 18, 1864;

100 years from the settlement of Rev. THOMAS ALLEN.

No marble monument we raise
To our first pastor's name and praise :
He wished no pile of polished stone—
Nought but our souls to Jesus won.

Pontoosuck from her early youth
Had earnest teacher of God's truth :
For transfer of her sons to heaven
To God be all the glory given.

The warrior's fame how doth he gain ?
By blood of thousands, brothers slain :—
Brave soldier of the Cross was he,
For whom we hold this Jubilee.

Our preacher's topics all in one—
The atoning blood of God's own Son :—
"The Cross! the Cross! Christ's Cross of love!"—
Shall we thus shout in heaven above ?

PITTSFIELD CELEBRATION

of July 4, 1865.

(Written by request of the Committee.)

Salvation, Lord, belongs to Thee,
Thou God of glorious majesty!
Our matchless victories are thine;
Our FREEDOM thy great gift divine!

Its cost has been the treasured gold,
And precious gems of worth untold—
Our SONS—outpouring in a flood
Their patriot heart's warm, noble blood!

Thou givest now our country PEACE—
Four million slaves our *free* increase;
Yet one great gift do thou bestow,—
That Christ's pure Truth we all may know.

So may we ask the world to see
A MODEL LAND OF LIBERTY,
Where none e'er strikes at law a blow—
Empire, unequalled here below!

FOR THE MEETING OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

*of the Congregational Churches of Massachusetts,
at Northampton, September 11, 1866.*

Friends of Christ in closest union,
Meet we now in sweet communion ;
 Lord, prevent disharmony.
Thee we serve, our King, blest JESUS !
And Thine eye of love now sees us,
 As we meet to honor Thee.

Who but knows our "BAY STATE" story—
Ocean wanderers, men of glory,
 Pilgrims to the Plymouth Rock,
Braving every wild disaster,
Here to bring Christ's truth, their Master ?
 We are sons of this good stock.

In the wilderness they planted
Holy Gospel, as they panted
 Children's children's souls to save ;
They would have the truth to flourish ;
This they wished their sons to nourish,
 While they slumbered in the grave.

Late the trump of war was sounding,
With its terrors wild astounding;
 But we met the battle's shock,
O'er the rebel hosts victorious,
Thine the gift of triumph glorious
 To thy friends of Plymouth stock !

Now with sin and error fighting,
In thy saving truth delighting,
 We would spread thy gospel wide.
'Tis thine arm thy foes o'erthroweth,
As each heart of ours well knoweth,
 Arm of Him, who for us died.

Prince of Peace, o'er kings now reigning,
Late with blood their sceptres staining,
 Has thy reign through earth begun ?
Let thy truth, all sin o'erthrowing,
Bend all hearts to Thee down-bowing
 As the king of kings, God's Son.

THE FAREWELL MEETING

*of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign
Missions, at Pittsfield, Sept. 28, 1866.*

We say farewell ; but we shall meet
In holy city's golden street,
Where JESUS is its temple bright,
Whom all adore, that dwell in light.

And all His friends with Him are one,
Sitting in glory on His throne.
Thy rod, O Lord, from Zion goes,
Thy rod of strength to rule thy foes.

Thy people shall bow down to thee
In every land, on every sea ;
The proudest kings shall thee obey,
And fiercest warriors own thy sway.

To us the voice of JESUS calls,—
“ Go on to build fair Zion's walls,
For soon such labors will be o'er,
When all the earth shall me adore.”

Make us thy faithful servants, Lord,
And send thy Spirit with thy word ;
Give us the joys of blood-washed throng,
Expressed in raptures of sweet song !

THE COAT OF ARMS

of Samuel Allen of Chelmsford, England.

On sable shield a golden Cross displayed
Imports to this dark world Christ's wondrous love,
Which brought the Son of God from heaven above,
To dwell on earth in human flesh arrayed,

And at life's close, by agonies ne'er weighed,
For man's deep guilt to atone. Let this emmove
Affection for God's Son, that ne'er shall rove,
With faith and zeal forever undecayed.—

So raised from death, transported to the sky,
To ransomed ones this lot will sure be given
To dwell with Jesus near his throne in heaven,
Partakers of sweet joys, that ne'er can die.—

Compared with Christ count all things then but loss,
Nor glory save in Jesus and his cross.

THE CHRISTIAN CRUSADER.

“Bravely he the cross doth bear :”—
Cross on banner flaunting near,
Cross on helmet, cross on shield,
Fierce Crusader seeks the field.—
Christian ! Arm thee for the fray ;
“Boldly bear the Cross” alway.

Doctrine of the cross maintain,
Tidings of a Saviour slain,
Till the infidel shall bow ;—
Patient all life's troubles know :
Following Christ, thou sure shalt be
Near his throne eternally.

ON THE BURIAL OF PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN

At Springfield, Illinois, May 4, 1865.

We bid thee welcome to thy home !
In matchless honor hast thou come,
Thy triumph of a thousand miles
As eastern conqueror with his spoils,
A million hearts thy captives led,
All weeping for their chieftain dead ;
And when thy coffin rests a space,
What crowds press up to see thy face,
Expressing with affection true
All honored titles as thy due !
Blest chief, a second Washington,
Thy race of honor thou hast run !

A crown of honor God has sent
To our own martyred president :—
Our Union safe, our Country free !
A model land of liberty,
A country, where the gospel truth
May reach the hearts of age and youth.

THE FREEDMEN'S THANKSGIVING HYMN.

December 7, 1865.

Two centuries of mighty wrong,
Now see their end, O joyous song!
Give thanks to God, for he is good,
His bounty is like ocean's flood :
His truth is light, his promise sure,
His mercy ever shall endure.

Full four years' war on our account
And wide-spread woes beyond amount
Have punished thus a nation's guilt—
The blood of near a million spilt ;—
Our masters and their sons have died,
And oh, what Northern friends beside !

But now 'tis o'er : We're free ! We're free !
To God all praise and honor be !
Let us now learn God's holy word,
And yield our hearts in sweet accord,
And ne'er abuse our liberty
By deeds, which end in misery.

As Moses sent to Pharaoh
With word to "let the people go,"
So Lincoln's voice was heard again—
"Ye tyrants! break your bondmen's chain!"
'Tis done : for Johnson's zeal completes
God's aim of love, which naught defeats.

Henceforth shall all our joys increase,
America a land of peace :
Give thanks to God, for he is good,
O sing his praise in joyous mood !
Give thanks to God of promise sure,
Whose mercy ever shall endure !

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

(On the death of Spencer Phelps of Northampton, who fought in the battle at Port Hudson, June 14, 1863, and died at that place July 23d, aged 30. His comrades of the 52d Massachusetts regiment on that day set out to return home, having first buried him under the Magnolia trees.)

With Christian armor all bedight
We mourn the patriot youth most brave ;
He was prepared for bloody fight,
And ready for a soldier's grave.

No hardened infidel was he,
To whom the future was but gloom,
For he had grace God's truth to see,
While in his youth all virtues bloom.

It was a noble zeal and mood,
Which led him to his country's war ;
He therefore met with fortitude
His fate from his dear home afar.

On Mississippi's banks he died,
Assured that he should live above,
Where flows fore'er in fullest tide
The stream of heavenly joy and love !

Then, while the river of the West
Shall run its course unchanged and free,
The Christian soldier's name be blest,
Who sleeps beneath the Magnolia tree.

THE DYING SIGNAL OF JOHN KNOX.

(Knox died 1572, aged 67.)

Of KNOX upon his dying bed
Last sign, ere yet his spirit fled,
Was asked :—if still, when fails his voice,
His soul in Jesus shall rejoice.

No need was there to ask such sign
Of presence of the grace divine,
For all his speech, as he lay low,
With faith and hope did overflow.

His watching friends with weeping eyes
Stand by him, as the good man dies ;
They see the signal lifted high,—
The waving hand, the flag of joy !

THE GOSPEL FOR THE WORLD.

Jesus reigns in brightest glory,
As foretold in sacred story,
O'er the earth his righteous sway ;
All man's idols he o'erthroweth,
And the seeds of truth he soweth ;—
Praise his glorious name for aye !

What great favors to us granted !
Vast the holy churches planted,
Thick, in late a wilderness !
Wide the gospel truth's diffusion,
Scattering far each dark delusion,
All our fellow men to bless !

THE FRIENDS OF MISSIONS.

“ Through JESUS' blood salvation
For all man's guilty race ! ”
Such is the proclamation
Of boundless love and grace.

And this we're still outsending
To earth's remotest bounds,
Gifts, toils, and prayers blending,
Till triumph loud resounds.

The angels look with wonder,
As on the cross he dies,
Then bursts the tomb asunder,
And rises to the skies.

His hands no longer bleeding,
He holds wide empire's rod,
For sinners interceding
Before the throne of God.

MISSIONARIES.

From home we wander not away
Earth's scenes of beauty to survey ;
If soon we cross the perilous seas,
'Tis not a curious eye to please.

'Tis not for gains of merchandise
If we repair to torrid skies ;
But 'tis to obey the Master's voice,
And bid man's wretched tribes rejoice ;

To spread his truth both far and wide,
Glad tidings to the crucified,
With justice, truth, and holiness
A world of hate and sin to bless :

To lead men in a righteous path,
And save from woe, and death and wrath.
We go to spread Christ's holy sway
Till all earth's princes shall obey :

'Till he shall rule as PRINCE of PEACE,
And bloody wars forever cease,
Till all men's hearts are changed to love,
And earth is like to heaven above.

MISSIONARIES.

Are we the soldiers of the cross?
Then dangers fear we not and loss;
Our Jesus has all wealth and power,
And victory gives in dying hour.

Then go we forth in hope and joy,—
And not to ravage and destroy,
Like earth's fierce warriors, red with blood,
The desolaters of all good.—

We go Christ's holy truth to spread,
Which quickens into life the dead,
And fills the earth with peace and love,
New-shaping like to heaven above.

And oh what bliss beyond all thought,
Our Saviour's work completely wrought,
When all his ransomed ones on high
Shall join in songs eternally!

MISSIONARIES DEAD.

Did LYMAN, MUNSON suffer loss,
Our early soldiers of the cross,
Heroic youth, by pagans slain?
Or was their death, O Lord, but gain?—

Dead men for Thee in holy strife,
Their great reward is endless life !
These bright examples from our youth
Have drawn enlistments to thy truth,

Our sons and daughters dead for thee,
Transferred to heaven eternally !

ON THE BIBLE.

Sending forth a glorious light,
Wide outgleaming,
Book of books, God's book most bright
Cheers my rapt and wondering sight,
Strongly, sweetly on me beaming,—
Beaming, shedding full delight.

When from God and peace I rove,
Filled with terror,
Then this Book of heavenly Love
Bids my guilty fears remove,
Chases quickly every error,—
Error chases, guides above.

When I walk in darksome way,
Vale of sorrow,
All to woefulness a prey,
Then this Book expels dismay,
Teaches how glad hopes to borrow,—
Borrow freely, for I may.

Loved one in the grave to place,
 Oh 'tis sadness!
In this holy chart I trace
How through riches of God's grace
 Gloomy grave is path of gladness,—
Gladness in the heavenward race.

For it shows before the eye,
 Wondrous story!
JESUS mounting to the sky
First of them, who lowly lie;
 Promises eternal glory,—
Glory with the Lord on high!

Lo, it teaches, that the dead,
 Oh surprising!
When the trump's loud echoes spread,
Will in form of Him who bled,
 If his friends, with joy uprising,
Rising Heaven's blest mansions tread.

Then with Paul, his work just done,
 Rapt and glowing,
I will say—' the prize I've won !'—
Won by faith in God's dear Son:
 Joys are mine forever flowing,—
Flowing e'er before the throne!

THE TEACHING OF NATURE.

All nature shadows gospel truth,
Needful alike for age and youth,
Who each may quickly fall and die
To meet his future destiny—

Who both will slumber in the ground,
Assured to hear the trumpet's sound,—
And whom God's Spirit must transform,
That they may bear the Saviour's form,

Himself uprising from his tomb
To bring his friends to heaven's bright home.
While angels sing in all their bands,
Shall not the floods now clap their hands,

And lakes with all their flowing streams,
All mounts, whose head with snow outgleams,
All hills and vales and forests wide,
With every plant in flowery pride?

Shall not earth's tenants, beast and bird,
With beauteous insect tribe be stirred
To extol the power, from which they sprung,
E'en Jesus on the cross who hung?

GOD'S PRAISE BY THE HEAVENLY WORLDS.

All hail, ye glorious orbs of light,
Outshining in your Maker's sight,
World beyond worlds, a countless throng,
Filling the universe with song !

Your brightness is a feeble ray
From God's outbeaming, glorious day.
JEHOVAH ! All these worlds are thine,
Which speak thy majesty divine !

The blest abodes of joy and love,
Like thine own heaven of bliss above !
"The brightness of thy glory," lo,
Thy first-born Son was seen below,

And on the cross he humbly bore
Our sins away forevermore ;
And us from death he'll lift on high,
To dwell where goodness cannot die.

Come, then, unnumbered hosts, and sing
The glories of your Saviour-King.

OCEAN SAFETY.

(To my daughter ELIZABETH, the wife of Prof. H. B. SMITH,
of New York, on their voyage to Havre, in June, 1866.)

Who should be, on tossing ocean,
Calm amidst the waves' commotion?—

On the sea of Galilee
JESUS said to them in danger,
“It is I; no spirit-stranger!
I'm your Saviour: I am He!”

Listen! Ye will hear him say,—
“I still reign, and hear your praying
Mid the roaring of the sea.—
Christians! on my heart engraven,
I will bring you to your haven,
And ye then shall honor me!”

THE SWEARING SEAMAN.

O Sailor on the ocean wave,
Whose depths may shortly be thy grave,
Dare not blaspheme the Eternal Mind,
Lest thou the deep of hell shalt find.

Is there a GOD, who framed the sky,
And built the shining world on high,
Who spread the sea and spread the air,
And made the beautiful and fair?

But wait one day and see his power,
When lightnings flash and thunders roar,
When cloudy storm now sweeps along,
And billows rush in furious throng !

INSCRIPTION FOR A CHRISTIAN SEAMAN.

Life had its storms severe,
Its cares and woes :
But holy calm is here
And sweet repose ;
For weary, broken body rest ;
The ransomed soul is with the blest.

ROUND HILL, IN NORTHAMPTON.

A Sonnet.

How fair the vision here from this famed height !
Of all the scenes of earth beneath the sky
Did one so lovely ever meet my eye,
Or kindle in my soul such sweet delight ?
Thy village, Nonotuck ! Yon river bright ;
These meadows broad, where treasured riches lie ;
Beyond them Holyoke's mountain range so high ;
Those towering steeples gleaming in the light ;
With learning's temple on proud eastern hill ;
And God's blue sky o'er all ! There yet is seen
One spot all hearts with hope or dread to fill—
That central grove of thickest evergreen :
There soon my body with the good will rest
Till, JESUS ! I shall rise to thee most blest !

INSCRIPTION ;

For a Country Grave Yard filled with Trees.

Dead men rest them here.—

From all we loved below we've passed away
And naught of earthly ill have we to fear :
Yet nothing 's here but clay.

We ourselves are fled :

Our spirits live with Christ in heaven above,
Who fills with treasured good the righteous dead—
Joy, holiness, and love !

From these graves shall rise

Our bodies although crumbled into dust,
New-fashioned for their dwelling in the skies,
Companions of the just.

Doubt not God's sure word :

E'en Nature teaches ;—many a tree
In this fair grove green-leaved lends sweet accord
With truth revealed, you see.

Smit by autumn frost,

Green leaves are changed in hue, and dead are seen ;
Yet life in wintry tree is never lost :
Spring clothes the tree in green.

THE WELCOME OF DAVID BRAINERD

AND OTHER CHRISTIANS TO

STEPHEN BREWER BUTLER.

May 30, 1866.

[On the day of his funeral presented to his father, J. H. B.]

Welcome to this Cemetery,
Brother, whom they bring to bury
 With our company of dead.
Welcome! welcome! to us joining:—
Here with us is no repining,
 Not by us one tear is shed.

Sweet our sleep, the friends of Jesus!
In our narrow bed he sees us,
 And his face beams God's own love.
Lo! death's bars his arm hath broken;—
"Ye, like me," he once hath spoken,
 "Sure shall rise and mount above!"

A PENITENT SPIRIT.

A Sonnet.

'Twas Leonardo, whose unequalled brush
 Had spread out for the duke of Milan's eye
 The scene of Christ with his apostles nigh
 At his Last Supper. Swift indeed the rush
 To see the unveiled picture; loud the gush
 And thunder of applause;—but then a sigh
 Bursts from the painter, while we hear him cry—
 “My foe, you say, is Judas; but I blush!
 Though there in loveliness doth Christ appear,
 Clothed in high beauty and each gentle grace,
 No whisper of your praise should reach my ear;
 For while I've imaged forth the Saviour's face
 On this dead wall, his love has failed to live
 In my bad heart. O Jesus blest, forgive!”

TO MR. AND MRS. STODDARD,

Missionaries to Persia.

O wander not from land most dear.
 From home, the loveliest vale of earth:
 What grave so soft as slumbering here?
 What burial-place like place of birth?

O, wander not,—unless from love
 To Him, who came for guilt to die,—
 Who left his glorious throne above
 To save men from their misery.

If love our children draw away
From joys of home to heathen shores,—
To wild Sumatra's drear dismay,—
To isles, where loud volcano roars,—

To India's sands and Persia's coast,
With zeal to teach the truth divine ;—
For love like this to brethren lost
In starry brightness shall they shine !

Northampton, 20th February, 1843.

TO MRS. CHARLOTTE TALBOT.

(On receiving her present of a box of beautiful Butterflies of her own rearing.—November 25, 1866.)

Thy Insect Nursery a school,
Which well confutes the learned fool,
That weaves his slender web of lies,—
The Resurrection who denies.—

The EGG, and next the WORM, that creeps—
Then CHRYSALIS, that wintry sleeps—
At length, in spring, the winged fly,—
The beauteous, golden BUTTERFLY :

All insect transformations great,
Which teach to men their changeful state,—
Destined, if good, for God's own sky,
In glorious forms eternally.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

This year thou shalt die.

Doth God thus speak to thee?
The God, who reared thy wondrous frame,
And stamped "immortal" on thy name,
Thy soul's humanity?

Of all the dwellers here
On this forever-turning ball
Not less than thirty millions fall,
Death's harvest in one year.

Each second's time, lo, one
Drops into dust; and who can say,
His turn shall be postponed one day,—
His race is not just run?

Thy life is in God's hand;
Accept his proffered mercy now,
So shalt thou fearless meet death's blow,
And hail thy summons grand.

If this year thou shalt die,
Then what are pleasure, power, and pride,
And all the good to earth allied,
If lost eternity?

If love our children draw away
From joys of home to heathen shores,—
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So shalt thou fearless meet death's blow,
And hail thy summons grand.

If this year thou shalt die,
Then what are pleasure, power, and pride,
And all the good to earth allied,
If lost eternity ?

As on his bed the sufferer lies,
And calls for death, while death him flies,
What does he say in mournful cries?—
“How long, O Lord, how long?”

THE LORD IS COME.

If Zion's foes meet overthrow,
Struck down by God's most righteous blow,
How changed her mournful note? 'Tis now—
Behold, “THE LORD DOTH COME!”

See now the end of crimson war,
And crushing griefs now flee afar,
For Zion sees her morning star,
And shouts—“THE LORD IS COME!”

Truth triumphs: and all errors flee,
Earth's joy supplants all misery,
And Zion cries in extasy,
Behold, “THE LORD IS COME!”

But hark, the voice of angel strong,
When all Christ's friends, a mighty throng,
From dust burst forth, and join in song—
“THE LORD, THE LORD IS COME!”

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Who is he, of thoughts high streaming,
Scorner of the earth, and deeming
 Treasured gold but worthless dross ?
He, whose soul, with joy amazing
With the eye of faith is gazing
 On the wonders of the Cross.

On the cross God's Son from heaven
Lamb of sacrifice was given,
 Dying in his agony :
Bread and wine his body broken
And his blood shall well betoken
 In the church, while time shall be.

"Never be this feast forsaken ;
These by you," said he, "be taken—
 In the memory of me.
Thus my death shall ye be showing,
While the sands of time are flowing,
 Till I come your life to be !"—

Thus God's glory represented,
Christ his image is presented
 In the form of Mary's Son ;
In that form in heaven he liveth
And to friends their raptures giveth
 Through the victories he won.

THE CROSS.

Who can behold the Cross of Christ
With eyes insensate and unmoist?
Was he not God's own first-born Son,
Of glory brighter than the sun?

Was he not great, beyond all thought?
By love was not this wonder wrought,
That he should die in agony
To save our souls from misery?

As man upon the Cross he bled
To give new life to sinners dead:
In human flesh he rose again,
To cheer the hearts of dying men.

As man shall we not see his face
In heaven through riches of his grace,
The Saviour of our soul's great loss
Through suffering on his bloody Cross?

NOTES.

The reader of this little book is informed, that its cover is ornamented with the "Cross Potent" or the "Jerusalem Cross," which appears in the coat of arms of Samuel Allen of Chelmsford, England—described as follows: "Shield, sable; a cross Potent, gold; crest a demi-Lion, azure, holding in his two paws a Rudder of a vessel, gold.—Motto. Fortiter gerit Crucem."—This translated is—"Bravely he bears the Cross."—Probably this coat of arms was first borne by a crusader, perhaps by Count Alan or Aleyn of Bretagne, who married Constance, the daughter of King William, the first, and assisted him with his troops in the battle of Hastings and the conquest of England in 1066, and was afterwards a crusader at the conquest of Jerusalem in 1099.—In the early settlement of New England one of the company of the Rev. John Hooker of Hartford, who came from Chelmsford, was Samuel Allen, who died at Windsor in 1648. From him the author of this book was descended; but whether he, S. A., of Windsor, was a descendant of S. A., of Chelmsford, whose coat of arms is described, the author knows not.

THE MISSIONARY STODDARD. p. 49.

David Tappan Stoddard, a missionary to Persia for 14 years, died at Seir in Persia, Jan. 22, 1857, of the typhus fever, a descendant of the second minister of Northampton, the predecessor of Edwards. He was a graduate of Yale College in 1838. Being married in February, 1843, to Harriet Briggs of Marblehead, he sailed with his wife on his mission from Boston March 1, 1843. His daughter Harriette, soon after she became a member of the mission church, died also at Mount Seir, and was buried by the side of her father.—Mrs. S. died at Trebizond of the cholera in 1848.—Mr. S. was an eminent scholar: he translated the ancient Syriac-Testament into the Modern Syriac. An interesting Memoir of him was written by Rev Dr. J. P. Thompson: N. Y. 1858. pp. 442. The book has an accurate engraved portrait of Mr. S. There is a monument to his memory in the grave plot of the family in Northampton, near that of David Brainerd, the missionary, who died in 1847, and whose Life was written by Mr. Edwards: the last words on this stone are—"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

MRS. CHARLOTTE TALBOT. p. 50.

Mrs. Talbot, the wife of Charles T., Esq., has one of the most beautiful residences in Northampton; her house is in Prospect street, near Round Hill, at a lower level, but with the same scenery before it. The heart of a mother, wishing to cheer the wearisome hours of a sick son, led her to become a most skillful entomologist. The country is most convenient for the cultivation of her chosen science; but in her winter house in the Fifth avenue, New York, her cabinet exhibits the Butterflies of her own rearing still, though dead, in the full bloom of their expanded and beautifully colored wings.

TABOR. p. 5.

The beautiful Holyoke Mountain range is in front of Northampton, a few miles distant, stretching from the South to the East, from the Connecticut river to Belchertown. The eminence about a mile from the river is called Holyoke: upon it is the Prospect House. The highest peak is near the eastern end of the range, and has been named *Norwottuck* by Amherst College. But of the whole range the most prominent, rounded, fairest, fir crowned peak, called mount Tabor, is the next one, perhaps two miles distant, to the West. It resembles in form the Mount Tabor of Galilee, and is at the same distance from Northampton, that Tabor is from Nazareth, 7 or 8 miles, and in about the same direction south of east. As I sit by my chamber fire in the morning, it is the first and most beautiful object which meets my eye.

A PENITENT SPIRIT. p. 49.

The self-condemnation, the humble, penitent spirit of a great painter is higher than great skill in the arts. The celebrated painting in fresco of "the Last Supper," by Leonardo Da Vinci, who died in 1520, was on the wall of a convent at Milan, the prior of which was his inveterate enemy. This fact will explain the sonnet. I am happy to be the possessor of an oil painting, which I procured at Troyes in France in 1849, as an original painting of the Saviour by Leonardo. It was brought by an ecclesiastic from Italy, but which, if not an original, is doubtless a copy of his painting, showing the features, which the great painter imagined to belong to Jesus of Nazareth. Dr. Holbrook, who saw his painting in June last, says of it—"It is marvellous; especially the Head of the Saviour."

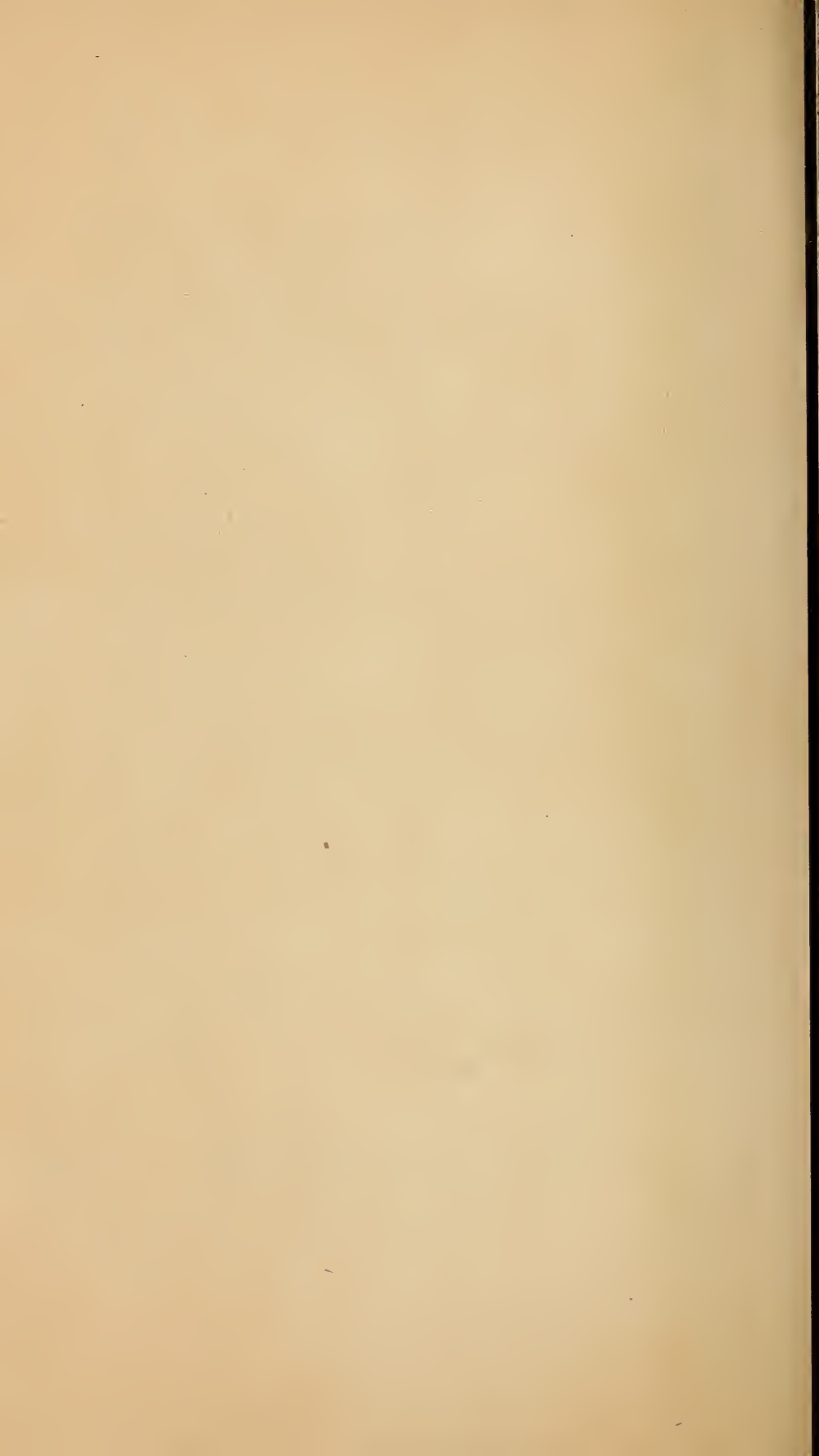
MISSIONARIES DEAD. p. 40.

These early missionaries from America to the far East were murdered by the Battahs in Sumatra, June 28, 1834. *Lyman* was a native of Northampton, brother of Hannah L., chief female teacher of Vassar College, N. Y.—*Munson* was a graduate of Bowdoin College in 1829, under the presidency of the writer of these lines.

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